GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

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Contents for Week of March 23, 1936. Vol. XV. No. 5.

1. Uncle Sam Signs New Lease with Landlord Panama
2. Red Men and White in Yosemite Valley
3. Strange Devices Salvage Ships from the Sea
4. New York's Vertical Travel Exceeds the Horizontal
5. Bath, City of Buns, Springs, and Roman Ruins

Photograph by David Fairchild

UGLY IGUANAS TEMPT PANAMANIAN APPETITES

Panama contains some of the densest jungle in the world, swarming with such tropical creatures as the Giano lizard or iguana. Natives relish it for food, and scientists the world over are interested in it as a descendant of a prehistoric monster (see Bulletin No. 1).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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Uncle Sam Signs New Lease with Landlord Panama

WHEN the United States and Panama shook hands after signing a new treaty recently, the inter-American "good neighbor" policy became also a good-housekeeping policy; for the pact requires that each country in the future maintain order on its own side of Canal Zone boundaries.

Panama is the United States' most intimate business associate by contract. These two furnish a unique example of close harmony, for the United States is a permanent "paying guest" in the canal corridor through the Panamanians' home, and sends a check annually when the rent comes due. Now, without help or hindrance from its rich tenant, Panama is free to conduct its own business.

The long narrow curlicue that is Panama is actually the tie that binds two continents. The Panama Canal, bringing Atlantic and Pacific together, and chopping apart North and South America geographically, is, paradoxically, the link which holds them closest commercially.

Panama Canal a Water-Bridge

Panama has profited by its slim waistline, for it made possible a canal of international importance, ranking second in traffic among the world's chief canals outside the United States. It is surpassed only by its rival in Suez. The Panama Canal, although only half as long as the Suez, is a more difficult engineering feat because of the locks necessary to carry ships "upstairs" and down again over a mountainous backbone.

Heavy canal traffic makes Panama a travel paradox of the world: few people visit there; yet many people go through. Thus the wistful little Isthmus is a sideline country; it sees a constant stream of opportunities—pass by. Its busy water-bridge from Atlantic to Pacific indicates that the most valuable real estate may be under water.

Panama, although the crossroads of a hemisphere, is only about the size of Maine, and but one-tenth as large as Egypt, home of its rival in the international canal business. In Europe, however, Panama would not feel like a dwarf, for it would spread over Scotland with a margin to spare and could make three Belgiums.

In addition to its canal career, under that shrewd business manager, Uncle Sam, Panama has a little private life on the side—on both sides, in fact. The country's resources, however, are far from developed. Its chief business, aside from the tourist trade, is the export of bananas. In 1934 over a million stems were shipped to the United States alone.

Where Balboa Discovered the Pacific

Pale banana-gold has taken the place of the fabulous stolen treasure carried along the Gold Road in the 16th century. The original Spanish "gold-diggers" took advantage of the country's location, after its discovery by Columbus on his fourth voyage, in 1502. Balboa pushed across it in 1513 to a "peak in Darien" for his dramatic discovery of the Pacific.

Within three years a Spanish governor was tampering with the country's name, calling it the Indian "Panama" because it meant "abundance of fish," instead of Darien. Old Panama City started its gory and gorgeous career in 1519, and soon a Spanish colonial government used it as the center for ruling Nicaragua, Colombia, Peru, Chile, and Argentina. A stone-paved highway carried ravished riches of gold, silver, and emeralds from the Incas of Peru across the isthmus to Portobelo, whence they were shipped to Spain.

A stirring chapter of Panamanian history concerns the Welsh buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, and his "old bold mates," who reduced Old Panama City to ruins in 1671. The modern city was founded two years later about six miles away. Visitors now drive by moonlight over a smooth highway to see the romantic ruins. A longer drive brings one to Nata, which claims to be the "oldest occupied city on the American continent."

Most visitors, however, are simply passers-by, who may receive the impression that Panama consists of cities at each end of the Canal, and a scattering of crude native shacks built high on "stilt" foundations. Actually both Panama City and Colon are twins; each has an American-made relative; Balboa and Cristobal, respectively. They contain modern hotels for the whites, who comprise a tenth of the country's population; Chinese shops, chiefly for the ensnaring of tourists; and native quarters which house negroes (mainly from the West Indies), Chinese, Malayans, and native Indians. By far the largest racial element in the half-million population is the mixed group.

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Photograph by Pillsbury Picture Co.

IN THE YOSEMITE WATER TAKES ITS TALLEST TUMBLE

These two falls, with cascades sandwiched between, are the highest "leaping waters" known —2,565 feet from cliff lip to valley floor. "Yosemite," says the Indian, "mean Killer . . . mean Grizzly." He tells a strange story of a brave who killed a Grizzly barehanded, and whose tribe was called in his honor the Killers, or the Yosemites. Their name was applied to the valley 85 years ago, when it was first invaded by white men (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Red Men and White in Yosemite Valley

"NOT do that way!" replied Chief Tenaya defiantly, to a suggestion that all his people move to a government reservation. "Live in deep place . . . one brave strong like ten white men." And he stalked away to his "deep" stronghold, Yosemite Valley.

Thus white men first came to realize the subtle connection between the Yosemite Indian and his Valley. On March 25, 1851, the first white Americans entered the Yosemite canyon of the Merced River, where, until then, the Stone Age had been evident in human life as well as the rugged scene.

An effort is now being made to recapture some authentic elements of Yosemite Indian life in connection with the educational program of the Park's Museum. A cluster of thirteen cottages houses a settlement of Indians, whose occupations lead them far from the warpath—chopping wood, truck driving, carrying burdens over difficult trails, and tracking lost tourists.

White-Man-Customs Cause Bewilderment

California's Mariposa was a larger town in 1851 than it is now, for settlers swarmed in to revel in the gold finds of the Southern Mines. One settler, a shrewd trader, J. D. Savage, whose trading posts were often burned down as a result of Indian hostility, organized the Mariposa Battalion, a crudely drilled protective band.

Bewildered when their age-old property rights were disregarded for the sake of yellow dust and nuggets which they considered worthless, some of the California Indians, notably the Yosemites, resisted invasion fiercely. Moreover, they could not understand why the whites objected to their killing for food the delectable "new kind of deer," called "burro" or "horse."

To chieftains of seven local tribes assembled at Mariposa, commissioners from the Great White Father in the east proposed an Indian reservation on the Fresno River as a peaceable solution. Six consented. But Chief Tenaya disappeared defiantly into that mysterious natural fortress, the Yosemite Valley.

Early in the next spring the Mariposa Battalion was after him, bound for an unexplored Sierra region where pocket valleys had sheltered many tribes in secluded and contented existence. The numerous tribes gave the California of that day more different languages than any other similar area in the world.

When hemmed in, Tenaya boldly confronted them alone and promised surrender. But finally he led less than half his tribe of 250 into the white man's camp. Leaving a detachment to watch the captives, the Battalion marched on. Conquest of the Yosemite would have to be forcible after all.

Disappeared Silently into the Night

The detachment awoke the following morning to find no Indians, no traces. The Yosemites, from the most ancient squaw to the tiniest whimpering papoose, had crept soundlessly away into the unmapped wilderness. In their sleep the guards had "lost" about 90 Indians.

The Mariposa Battalion pushed on toward the region pointed out by a friendly guide as the Yosemites' home. On March 25, 1851, they climbed to an elevation which suddenly revealed a water-ribboned oval of green meadows sunk deep within a grey granite shell of overhanging precipices. "There!" grunted the guide. And white men took possession of the Enchanted Valley.

They named it, voting while seated around the campfire that night. To the Indians it was known as Ah-wah-nee, for the inhabitants called themselves Ah-wah-nee-ches, People of the Big Mouth. It was only their neighbors who fearfully called them the Yosemites, People of the Killer (see legend, inside cover). But the white men, having invaded the place in search of Yosemites, called it Yosemite Valley.

A delicate feather of waterfall, known to Indians as Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind, was named Bridalveil Fall by a homesick medical officer. This title, spontaneously applied at his first glimpse, and later confirmed by his companions, was the first English name for any of the Yosemite wonders. The gateway of the Valley, outlined by El Capitan and the Three Brothers on one side and Cathedral Rocks and shimmering Bridalveil Fall on the other, was such an impressive view that the spot from which they were seen was called Inspiration Point.

As the March 25 invasion revealed none of the Yosemites hidden on ledges and in caves, the Mariposa Battalion returned in May and encamped until the Indians were starved from their hideouts. When two of his sons had been shot, possibly before his eyes, Chief Tenaya surrendered, but with an ominous prophecy: "Tenaya spirit be always on Valley."

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The climate, which once bred such deadly plagues of yellow fever before the days of modern American sanitation, still breeds lush vegetation, vermin, and floods just as generously. Tropical showers each afternoon swell the treacherous rivers. The Chagres has been known to rise 25 feet in 24 hours.

Ever since a miniature revolution put Panama into the real estate business of renting water lanes, the United States has been its best customer. Recognizing the new republic ten days after its break with Colombia, Uncle Sam became almost a silent partner, then moved in to be the star boarder. Now the import and export record between the two countries makes "trade" a very appropriate word to describe their business transactions.

Panamanian mines supply manganese. Gold has been found there since before the Spaniards came. Pearl-fishing off the Pacific coast once supplied treasure that was measured by the pound. Coral, sponges, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell are additional harvests from the sea.

Rich tropical forests supply treasure in a different form—woods for furniture, and extracts for medicine, such as ipecac and sarsaparilla. Natives obtain rubber simply by tapping the trees that spring up in the forest. Agriculture, although on a small scale, yields cacao, cocoanuts, sugar cane, tobacco, rice, and corn.

Industry is limited almost to a few sugar refineries. But Panama is determined, if not to eat its hat, at least to produce it, and efforts are being made to promote the manufacture of "Panama" hats, which now originate in Ecuador and Colombia.

Panama's new treaty-lease on life will give the landlord country a right which the tenant has always enjoyed—the right to come and go as he pleases. And Panama "pleases" to travel across its own slim breadth on a highway, construction of which is now permitted, although previously blocked, by the United States. Transportation directly across the country now is provided by the Canal, by air line and by railroad, all American-owned. The Panamanian passion for fine roads had to find an outlet in developing the local link of the Pan American Highway from the Canal to the Costa Rican border.

Note: See "The Society's New Caribbean Map," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1934; "Some Impressions of 150,000 Miles of Travel," May, 1930; "Flying the World's Longest Air-Mail Route," March, 1930; "To Bogotá and Back by Air," May, 1928; "How Latin America Looks from the Air," October, 1927; "Who Treads Our Trails," September, 1927; "Map-Changing Medicine," September, 1922; "The Jungles of Panama," February, 1922; "Across the Equator with the American Navy," June, 1921; "The Dream Ship," January, 1921; "Nature's Transformation at Panama," August, 1915; and "Redeeming the Tropics," March, 1914.

Bulletin No. 1, March 23, 1936.

Photograph by Capt. Harry Pidgeon

"LOCKED" IN ON A LARGE SCALE

The Panama Canal's locks at Gatun Lake lift ships to an elevation of about 85 feet above sea level. Their usable length, about 1,000 feet, makes it possible to "elevate" any ships now afloat, except the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary*.

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Strange Devices Salvage Ships from the Sea

GOLD from the sea is more than a scientist's dream or a fisherman's fable when the *Artiglio* gets to work. This Italian salvage vessel is now undertaking to "gold-dig" sunken treasure in the Portolongone Bay, off the Island of Elba. Mud-covered and coated with shells, the almost legendary Spanish vessel *Polluce* lies there, reputed to contain still its precious cargo of jewels, objects of art, and royal treasure, including a carriage made of gold.

Under-sea stairways, mammoth "grabs," soup tubes, sand-sucking pumps, fire hose, marine lanterns, telephones, and "seven-league" boots which enable men to walk on the sea floor—these are some of the unusual devices that make modern ship salvaging a weird, dangerous, and sometimes paying profession.

Capsized vessels, ships wrecked on sand bars or rocks, and boats which have sunk—all require the services of trained salvage engineers as well as strange and elaborate apparatus, whether the problem be to recover gold and jewels imprisoned in Davy Jones's Locker, or to put a boat back to work on the surface of the sea.

Floating Power Plants Raise Wrecks

Ships from which salvage operations are conducted must be equipped with pumping plants, air compressors, electric lighting plants, drilling machines, rock-boring drills, and pneumatic hammers designed for use under water. Two general methods are followed in raising ships. By the first, used in relatively shallow water, air compressors force water out of the ship and air into it. The second method, employed for ships sunk at great depths, makes use of pontoons.

Some pontoons, which are a sort of flat-bottomed boat, have sufficient buoyancy to raise 1,500 tons. The first step in making use of the floats is to anchor them over a wreck. Heavy steel cables or chains are drawn around the hull of the wreck at low tide and form a swing or cradle in which it can be raised. The pontoons rise with the tide, lifting the ship as high as the water level rises. The boat is then towed to shallower water where the procedure is repeated.

Where there is no tide, flexible steel cables are run under the boat and attached to steel, water-filled cylinders. Compressed air is pumped into these special cylindrical pontoons, driving out the water. As the pontoons rise, they lift the ship. Some of these cylinders are capable of raising 250 tons.

Explosives Free Treasure

If the sunken vessel is covered with sand, the difficulty of getting lifting cables or chains under the wreck is greatly increased, and a tunnel must be bored, either by a hose regulated by a pressure pump, or by a sand-sucking tube. A fire hose was used to tunnel a way for the lifting cable for the *S-51,* the submarine which sank fifteen miles off Block Island.

Great ingenuity has been shown in the equipment for marine salvage. "Grabs," powerful lifting devices, act like giant hands, bringing up treasure to the salvage ship. A stairway in a tube 200 feet long and five feet in diameter, with an observation room at the bottom from which divers can go directly onto a sunken vessel, was designed for salvaging the purser's safe and other valuables from the *Lusitania,* which now lies off the coast of Ireland.

If the object of the salvage is the rescue of treasure and not the raising of the wreck, explosives are used. After putting the explosives in place, the divers

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A PRECARIOUS PERCH ABOVE THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

Civilization reaches Glacier Point, in Yosemite Valley. In the valley below, automobiles are more substantially provided for with a parking space which in winter is turned into a rink for ice-skating.

After a few months he sickened of confinement and reservation food, and the old chief with his immediate family was permitted to return to his Valley to die. Within two years this broken remnant of the Yosemites was stoned to death by angry neighbors of the Mono tribe. Yosemite Valley, once dotted with the conical cedar-bark houses of 22 little tribal villages, was no longer an Indian stronghold.

Stone Age Vanishes in Seven Years

Civilization came quickly on the heels of the Mariposa Battalion. Within seven years a hotel was erected, which is still in use. In 40 years after white men had stumbled upon the Stone Age there, they had installed telephones, and in less than another 20 years a railroad was bringing tourists.

Yosemite Valley is now the core of Yosemite National Park, which includes within its 1,176 square miles many other scenic wonders. The Mariposa, Merced, and Tuolumne Groves of Big Trees, twelve glaciers, picturesque peaks, and 300 glacial lakes are linked with 700 miles of trails. The Hetch Hetchy Valley, now a reservoir for San Francisco's water supply, is also included in the Park's boundaries.

Scenes of Indian Life Enacted

Old Ta-bu-ce ("Sweet Root"), one of the fifty remnants of the early Yosemite tribe, pounds acorns and prepares the acorn bread which supplied 80 per cent of her people's food. In October she gathers the acorns from the black oak and stores them in bark-lined *chuck-as* of boughs, true Yosemite fashion. From chaparral apples she brews manzanita cider, the unfermented drink of her strictly temperance tribe.

In authentic costume of flicker, owl, and hawk feathers, fat Le-me performs tribal dances for visitors as well as for ailing Indians. Sight of his tiny nephew, following him faltering in the shuffle of the solemn coyote (Ah-he-le) dance, is a reminder of the prophecy: "Tenaya spirit be always on Valley."

Note: Additional illustrations and information about Yosemite National Park and Yosemite Valley can be found in the following: "Northern California at Work," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1936; "Western National Parks Invite America Out of Doors" (Duotone Insert), July, 1934; "Nature's Scenic Marvels of the West," July, 1933; "California, Our Lady of Flowers," June, 1929; "The World's Great Waterfalls," July, 1926; "The Non-Stop Flight Across America," July, 1924; "Glimpses East and West in America," May, 1924; "The Automobile Industry," October, 1923; "The Scenery of North America," April, 1922; "The Niagaras of Five Continents" (Duotone Insert), September, 1920; "A Mind's-Eye Map of America," June, 1920; "The Land of the Best," April, 1916; and "The Wonderland of California," July, 1915.

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New York's Vertical Travel Exceeds the Horizontal

WHAT do idle elevators mean to New York City?

"Vertical travel in the metropolis actually exceeds the horizontal," says Frederick Simpich, in a communication to the National Geographic Society. "In other words, elevators carry more passengers than do all the surface cars, elevated trains, taxis, buses, and subways of New York combined.

"How far do your 21 elevators run in a day?" Mr. Simpich asked the owner of a skyscraper.

"They cover a mileage equal to the run of the Twentieth Century Limited from New York to Chicago," he answered. "One of our big problems in New York is getting the occupants of skyscrapers in and out on time. You see, the larger buildings hold anywhere from 5,000 to 15,000 and even 20,000 workers.

"Downstairs" Is a Half-Hour Stroll

"If all these tenants and the usual number of visitors had to walk downstairs, it might take hours to empty the building; and many, of course, are physically incapable of walking down. Try it yourself. It took one of my staff more than half an hour to walk down from the 57th floor, and the effort made him very ill.

"Even with express elevators it takes nearly an hour to empty some of the larger buildings and get the people away from the ground floor and entrances because of congested subways. If they all came down at once, it would pile people up ten or twelve deep in the streets around the building.

"When the first skyscraper of only thirteen stories went up on lower Broadway, people feared it. Those in adjacent houses moved out in alarm. Nor was the public reassured even after the builder had gone up into its steel frame during a gale and let down a plumb line to prove there was no dangerous sway.

"Now higher and even higher the skyscrapers go. From the observation towers of one of New York's tallest buildings in the world, on some days, observers watch bits of clouds pass below them.

One Building Is a City in Itself

"Directly below stand mere pigmy structures of six and eight stories. Here and there up from among them other skyscrapers rise. Firm, symmetrical they are, with all the pagan dignity of a Lincoln Memorial. These high buildings, that visitors from all over the world stare at with such astonishment, make New York what it is—a supreme wonder of the modern world."

Mr. Simpich explored one modern building, the last word in skyscraper art. "It is a city in itself, with all a city's problems of traffic, water, heat, lights, sewerage, fire, and police protection, and cleaning," he reports. "Its total floor area equals that of a farm. To run its elevators requires a starter, six assistant starters, 35 operators, and a crew of 10 maintenance men."

The building referred to by Mr. Simpich stands in the Grand Central District. Here into the Chanin, Chrysler, Graybar, Grand Central Palace, and other buildings, more than 50,000 people crowd to work in an area used until recent years by only a few hundreds. Into this indescribable traffic jam it would now be almost impossible to get loaded coal wagons fast enough to heat these huge structures or to haul away ashes; so steam is piped from a far-away central plant.

Beneath this building are turntables for buses from railway terminals. Tunnels lead from it in many directions. Through them thousands of its tenants arrive

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come to the surface, touch them off electrically, and then re-descend to discover what treasures have been revealed.

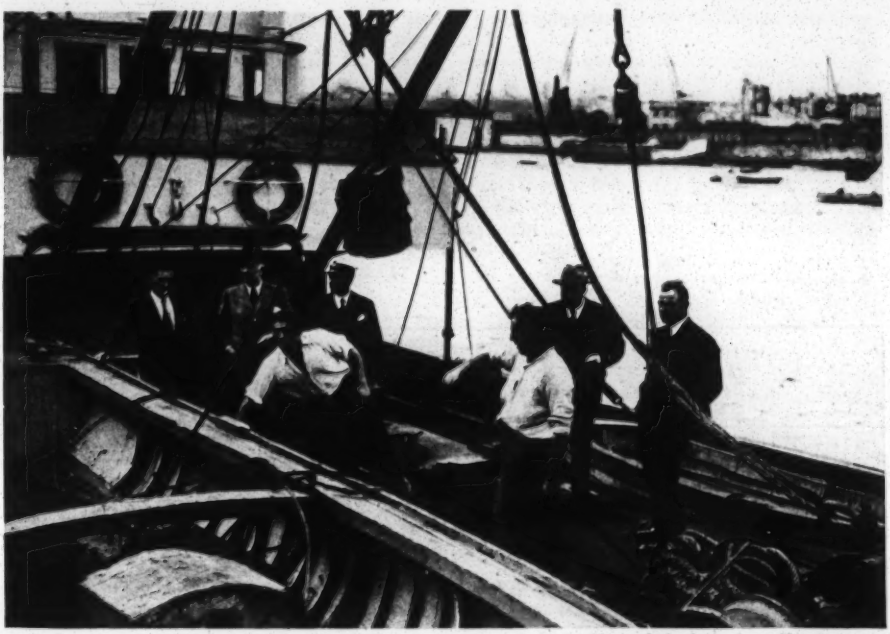
The old-time rubber diving suit has been replaced by jointed steel suits and metal observation cylinders. In these new-fashioned garments, and with heavily weighted boots, men can tramp firmly on ship decks submerged in 300 feet of water. Telephones, electric lights, and cameras make "all modern conveniences" possible to the ocean treasure hunter.

Note: A few pictures of salvaging operations, also photographs showing ancient and modern methods of deep-sea diving, can be found in the following: "A Half-Mile Down," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1934; "Cuba—The Isle of Romance," September, 1933; "A Bit of Elizabethan England in America," December, 1933; and "Men and Gold," April, 1933.

Bulletin No. 3, March 23, 1936.

NOTE TO TEACHERS

Back copies of several recent issues of the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETIN are exhausted. Hence requests from teachers who wish their files complete cannot always be filled. A lapse in your receipt of THE BULLETIN may be avoided by sending your renewal remittance of 25 cents promptly when you are notified that your subscription is expired. Because these Bulletins represent a substantial gift to schools from the National Geographic Society's educational fund, the expense of advertising or circulation promotion cannot be undertaken as would be the case with a commercial publication. The Society must rely upon supervisory officials and teachers to call them to the attention of their colleagues who might use them to advantage in their geography, social sciences, and literature classes.



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UNLOADING THE "CATCH" OF A GOLD-FISHING TRIP

The *Artiglio* puts in at Plymouth, England, after salvaging some of the five-million-dollar treasure from the sunken *Egypt*. Other salvaging expeditions have gone fishing for sunken submarines and shipwrecked cargoes of marble.

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Bath, City of Buns, Springs, and Roman Ruins

STATELY Bath, the "Florence of England," will make a national monument of its famous Pultney Bridge. Its three stone arches, built in 1770 and lined with two-storied houses and shops, rival the renowned Ponte Vecchio in Florence, and strengthen Bath's resemblance to the greatly admired Italian city.

Bath is known also for its connection with a homelier object, the Bath bun. Quaint Lilliput Alley still contains the original bow-windowed shop in which Sally Lunn first baked the famous sweetened tea cakes that bear her name.

Today Bath resembles an ancient *"grande dame,"* dreaming over past balls; somewhat lined and faded, but still keeping up appearances. Though it is no longer England's most fashionable resort, carriages bearing crests still drive through the streets to discharge well dressed people at expensive shops. Bath chairs, like huge perambulators, roll through lovely gardens and pause at book stalls everywhere.

Springs Credited with 2,000 Years of Healing

Many people are still attracted to the city, as visitors have been for over 2,000 years, by its medicinal waters. Its three hot springs of "lime carbonated waters" yield a half million gallons daily. The healing property of the waters, odorless and not unpleasant in taste, is ascribed to radium, the presence of which stains the drinking glasses yellow.

Situated in the valley of the Avon, about 12 miles south of Bristol, Bath's gray stone houses climb in parallel terraces up the encircling green hills. Remembered as the fashionable watering place where England's 18th century social life and culture came into flower, Bath is noted also because it contains more Roman ruins than any other English city (see illustration, next page).

Bath's turbulent history began about 44 A. D. Roman legions storming westward through the Avon Valley found Britons bathing in the medicinal Springs of Sul, named probably for a local deity. Rededicating them to Minerva, Romans surrounded them with elaborate mosaic baths, temples, and villas.

Ruined by the Saxons and again by the Normans, Bath became a desolate city, its hot springs flooding broken corridors. When Queen Elizabeth visited the city she found it unsanitary, its inhabitants disorderly. The baths presented a curious sight with motley mobs of loose-robed men and women wading up to their necks in the steaming water.

Became Fashionable "Queen of All Spas"

Made fashionable finally by the visit of Queen Anne, Bath became England's most popular spa. Invalid nobility, fashion-followers, doctors, adventurers, and gamblers flocked to the resort. Most famous among the latter was the dandy, Beau Nash, whose dazzling arrival marked the beginning of Bath's era of refinement and greatest prosperity. Until then, although kings sometimes held their courts there, Bath was still a maze of squalid houses crowded together on sordid streets, where walkers were attacked by footpads and taunted by owners of Bath chairs.

Beau Nash was made Master of Ceremonies at Bath. He had the main streets paved and lighted, a handsome Assembly Room built for gaming, and engaged a band for dancing. Blazing in gold lace, wearing an immense white beaver hat (which he selected, it is said, because no one could steal it), Beau Nash was a picturesque figure. Under his genial despotism, frivolous life at Bath proceeded gaily with many quaint customs. New arrivals at Bath were heralded by fiddling

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each morning after many miles of underground travel, and through them one may wander as in the streets of a subterranean city. In this human prairie-dog town are more than 50 places to eat, and stores selling everything from office supplies and lingerie to thermos bottles, sunray lamps, cigars, books, and haberdashery.

Washingtonians were able to watch with sympathy, and with some little amusement, while New Yorkers climbed their wearisome stairs or slid down banisters. For the National Capital, alone among the Nation's largest cities, is protected from a break-down of either human or mechanical factors in vertical travel by a law prohibiting skyscrapers. When New York elevators took a holiday, Washington didn't apologize for being old-fashioned in its building regulations.

Note: Teachers and pupils, particularly those of current events classes who need additional background material in connection with the elevator operators' strike in New York City, should consult "This Giant That Is New York," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1930.

See also "New York—An Empire within a Republic," November, 1933; "New Jersey Now!," "Flying," and "How the U. S. Grows," May, 1933; "Travels of George Washington," January, 1932; "The First Airship Flight Around the World," June, 1930; "By Seaplane to Six Continents," September, 1928; "Seeing America with Lindbergh," January, 1928; and "New York—The Metropolis of Mankind," July, 1918.

Bulletin No. 4, March 23, 1936.

Photograph by Fairchild Aërial Surveys, Inc.

DOWN AND OUT IS A LONG WAY TO WALK HERE

New York is the elevator capital of the world. It has almost two score skyscrapers over 500 feet high, and in some tall-building-areas, the ground is hard to see. No other city can compare with this "jungle" of brick and stone, for Chicago, New York's closest competitor, has less than a third as many skyscrapers.

serenaders and ringing church bells. Attendance at the gaming tables was preceded each evening by service at the Abbey Church.

When the old city became congested, the architects, John Wood, Senior and Junior, rebuilt it in dignified terraces, crescents, and squares on the surrounding hills. Many consider Bath the "best situated and most nobly built English city."

After Bath's heyday as a fashion resort passed, it still drew artists and writers, as Greenwich Village does today, to describe its unique life. Most 18th Century novels contain references to it, notably those of Thackeray and Jane Austen. Frequenters of Bath were Scott, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Fielding, Lord Nelson, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, and of course James Boswell. It was in Bath that Sally Fairfax, beloved of George Washington, died. Bath inspired Gainsborough's most beautiful landscapes.

Landor entertained Dickens there in 1840, and "Pickwick Papers" reflected the visit. Writers have chosen it as the setting for dramatic scenes, from Sheridan's "The Rivals" to Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." Chaucer recorded its early eminence in the cloth-making industry in references to the jolly and skillful "Wife of Bath."

Note: For additional English articles see "English Lakes," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1936; "Great Britain on Parade," August, 1935; "The Penn Country in Sussex," July, 1935; "Summering in an English Cottage," April, 1935; "England's Sun Trap Isle of Wight," January, 1935; "Vagabonding in England," March, 1934; "When the Herring Fleet Comes to Great Yarmouth," August, 1934; "Beauties of the Severn Valley," April, 1933; "Between the Heather and the North Sea," February, 1933; "Some Forgotten Corners of London," February, 1932; and "Visits to the Old Inns of England," March, 1931.

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ROMAN HAUNTS OF GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER

The ancient Promenade of Roman baths in England's Bath is now covered and made into a museum of architectural fragments and sculptured stones, remnants of Roman glory in the British Isles. Here wounded warriors and gouty magistrates came to recuperate two thousand years ago. Bath's Cathedral, "Lantern of the West," rises beyond.